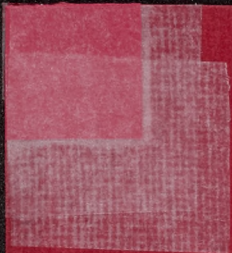




MARCH 1908



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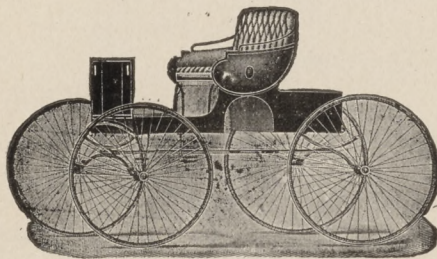
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The Auburn factory has no California branch. All other dealers have to buy through a Coast agent and pay this agency a commission. I buy and ship direct—no jobbers' profit at

## J. A. BROWN'S



Returning from a Bear Hunt in California

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# The Sotoyoman



VOL. III

HEALDSBURG, CAL., MARCH, 1908

NO. 6

## The Angel of Harmony Flat

BERTHA HUMISTON, '09

A deep glow hung over "Harmony Flat" on a certain spring morning not long ago. Although the outside world was light and cheerful, a sudden shower prevailed within.

On a sofa amid a pile of pillows, Patricia Montgomery Van Buren, a bride of two months, wept as if her heart would break. Near by with arms akimbo and a stolid expression on her face, stood Bridget Malone, the cause of her grief.

"Shure, ma'am, I can't stay in this bit of a ranch another day, with yourself acomin' into me kitchen at all hours to do your experimentin' and never clearin' up after ye. I'll be leavin' this mornin' as soon as I clean up that box of a kitchen."

With these words she ambled off to her domain, leaving the tearful Patricia alone.

"It wouldn't be so bad if his mother wasn't coming to-morrow night," she wailed. "I'm sure she will be very prim and critical. Oh, dear, dear, what will she think? What shall I do? If Tom was only in town! I've half a mind to go home to my mother." With this she burst into a fresh torrent of tears that shook her slight, girlish figure and did not improve the dainty sofa pillows. That evening an advertisement appeared in a newspaper for "A competent cook in a small family; apply at once." All that evening and the next morning Patricia waited in vain for an applicant. Again and again as she peered out of the window and down the street, she murmured: "If Tom was only

here to meet his mother and explain things. I am sure she won't approve of me and what will she think of my cooking? O, Tom, Tom, why did you ever go?" She had bravely put aside the thought of going home to her own mother and determined for Tom's sake to stand at her post.

As Mrs. Van Buren, the elder, was not to arrive until the 5:30 train, Patricia decided that she would spend the first part of the afternoon in making a dessert for supper. So 4 o'clock found the kitchen of what she and Tom had christened "Harmony Flat" in a great disturbance. A copy of "Mrs. Rorer's Dainty Desserts" lay face downward in the middle of the floor, the stove was spattered with batter, and a liberal amount of flour could be seen in most any part of the room. At the table Patricia, in a huge apron which had belonged to her late kitchen mechanic, was stirring a mysterious mixture in a large yellow bowl. Her yellow curls were rumpled and her anxious brow was adorned with a black smudge. "Well, this stuff is awfully slow to thicken. I think I've heard bridget say that it always is. But after stirring for half an hour it does seem as if it ought to begin," she exclaimed impatiently. Just at that moment the door bell rang and the hope of a possible applicant made Patricia run down the stairs to the door at a reckless speed. Before her stood a neat motherly looking little woman in an immaculate black suit. She had a kindly face and the voice that inquired if

Mrs. Van Buren lived there was quiet and refined. "Come right in, you are the first one that has been here and I am going to have company over Sunday. If you will just stay till after she goes, I will pay you any amount in reason, and won't ask for a single reference." Patricia looked into her motherly face, and put "her money on her for further orders," as Tom expressed it later. She hurried up stairs expecting the applicant to follow, taking for granted that she was already engaged. If she had seen the expression on her new cook's face she would have been a little less headlong and hasty. But then she wouldn't have been Patricia Montgomery Van Buren if she had been cautious or painstaking. Some people have remarked that they didn't see how sensible Tom Van Buren could be satisfied with "that flighty, butterfly child." But that's just why Tom loved her and so it concerned no one else.

Patricia ushered her employe into the little kitchen and explained what little she knew about that department of her home, as she pulled off her apron and threw it upon a nearby chair. "This here," she explained rather confusedly, as the woman peered into the bowl, "is a little dessert I was mixing, but-er-perhaps—you had better dump it out and make something else. I am sure you can get us up some kind of a little simple supper, while I dress to receive my company. Just go right ahead and we will arrange everything to your satisfaction afterwards. And-er-well—it might be just as well not to mention to my mother-in-law, who is the company, that you are new, because—well—you know she hasn't much of an opinion, so I've heard, of young housekeepers' management. You understand, I think. I'm sure you are just what we are looking for." Patricia smiled her most bewitching smile at the woman who was thinking what an infant this little lady really was. Aloud she remarked, "Yes, I'm sure I'm just what you want."

Then impetuous Patricia realized that since her inquiry at the door this woman had not spoken a word, but merely smiled at her so kindly, yet rather strangely, (this last had not been noticed), that she had "just fallen in love with her" as she told Tom a little later. With a bright little nod the little mistress ran off to prepare for her mother-in-law's arrival. In the kitchen for five minutes "Mrs. Rorer's Dainty Deserts" remained on the floor, the sticky mess in the the dish was not removed and the new cook rocked with silent laughter. As dusk approached and the time for Mrs. Van Buren's train had long passed her daughter-in-law stood at the window. Disappointment was

written in every line of her face and the corners of her pretty mouth drooped. She had put on her most becoming gown and had viewed the little table, which the new cook had arranged with such taste, feeling that the gloom of the morning had been swept away. But Mrs. Van Buren had not arrived and no other train would come from her home that night. Patricia was again on the verge of tears and heartily wished Tom at home. After a while she went out to the kitchen, which was restored to order. The new cook smiled at her as she entered, that same kind smile that had made her put entire confidence in her at first sight.

"You haven't even asked my name, Mrs. Van Buren, and how did you know that I wouldn't run off with all your pretty silverware, which, I imagine, is your wedding gift? I am glad you feel satisfied with your supper even if your mother-in-law did not come to share it with you. Didn't you say that your husband would return to-night?"

Her voice was soothing to the disappointed girl, and she sat down in a chair opposite with a sense of relief. "I just knew the moment I saw you that you were an angel and the change you have wrought in this room is marvelous. I didn't stop to think of the silver, but I shan't count the spoons to-night anyway. My husband is coming before long, I expect, but I can't imagine why his mother did not come." She clasped her pretty little hands over her knee and tapped the floor with her foot. Just then the sound of a key in the front door caused her to jump up and rush to the hall. The new cook smiled mysteriously as she heard the cries of delight and a voice familiar and dear to her exclaiming: "Why, Pattie, little girl, didn't mother come?" Then Patricia replied, "No, Tom, she did not come, but there is an angel in the kitchen."

"Bridget never reminded me of any thing so aerial; what caused the transformation?" laughed Tom.

"It isn't Bridget, you dear, stupid thing; she left yesterday morning, and just the dearest cook came this afternoon." The "angel" appeared in the doorway at this moment and Tom put Patricia aside and to that young lady's amazement heartily embraced the cook.

"Well, Pattie, I see you tried to play a pretty joke on me, but I'm glad you found out so quickly that she is an angel. Great Scott! little girl, what is the trouble?" This exclamation was caused by a glance at Pattie, who stood white and silent with clenched hands and burning eyes.

Just then the "angel" crossed the room and slipping an arm about her, said softly, "Don't you see, Pattie, dear, he is my own boy, and you are my little girl?" Then came a long hour in which explanations made everything clear. Mrs. Van Buren had taken an earlier train than she had expected and was much amazed at Patricia's actions on her arrival; but having a strong sense of humor, she fell into the spirit of the little farce which had ended at Tom's entrance. They did justice to the remains of the little supper and when the two escorted their mother to her room at a late hour, Pattie whispered sleepily: "Good night, angel of Harmony Flat, don't forget my cooking lesson in the morning," and Tom, smiling, led her away.

## "Pike," The Cowboy

CRYSTAL GALLAWAY, '09

"Pike," or "Spike" was the name given to the brave cowboy of Arizona, who so nearly lost his life to save a fine drove of Mexican cattle. His given name was Jack, but in the cowboy realm the given name makes little difference if a word can be found that better describes or befits one's personality. Sometimes, however, the name would have no connection with the appearance or character of the boys. The name is both given and received in a friendly way, and he who receives is rather proud than otherwise; therefore, a cowboy without a nickname is a rarity.

"Pike" had been a frail city boy and had gone to his father's cattle ranch to gain health and strength. The boys made a great deal of fun of him when he first came, but as he was the son of their boss, they did not dare carry their fun too far. Jack was brave, though, and his true character soon showed itself, for when the boys would make fun of him, he was somebody and on a level with them. How he ever got the name of "Pike" was never known, but how he gained the addition of "the brave" to it so that he was later called "Pike, the Brave," is here to be told.

The cattle were browsing along the banks of Setter Creek on the north side of Mexicoss range, while the boys were leisurely saddling their ponies for the afternoon scout of this territory. No particular notice had been taken of the weather, for the boys were not yet through with their revelry, and had little thought of the impending danger.

At last one of the boys who had finished saddling his horse and advanced outside of the shed called to the other boys.

"Say, noticed the weather lately? Looks threatening; don't believe I'll go."

The air felt oppressive and was smoky appearing. In the eastern sky there was a dangerous-looking cloud rising over the bare horizon, and even when it was so far away they could see it move. This, they knew, was one of the storms they often have to contend with, because of their violence. Often they are whirlwinds with the rain and hail that are very destructive. The hail has been known to come with such force that it cut the skin of the animals that had to come in contact

with it. The men realized their danger but none would volunteer to go. While they were yet contemplating the loss of the finest drove of cattle in Arizona, "Pike" came from the house. He was not used to the storms, and did not realize the full danger, but without a word he sprang to the saddle of one of the restless ponies, and the boys, all amazed stood watching him as he seemingly faded into the fog or smoke and vanished from their sight over the hill. By this time the storm was alarmingly near and was announced by a mist.

"Pike" rode well. He soon reached the divide of Mexicoss Range, from where he could see the cattle, but dimly now, for quite a heavy mist was already falling. On he rode as fast as his fleet steed would carry him, and while he rode he thought out the plan that saved his life and the herd of cattle too. At the head of the creek and about a mile from where the cattle were, there was a high cliff. "Pike" knew that if he could get the cattle started in his direction they would stop under the cliff, because there was a lake beyond, which would stop further progress. He also knew that here they would be practically out of the storm, for the wall was an overhanging rock projection, forming a kind of cave and this would be a fine protection to the small herd. The cliff was a very conspicuous promontory for all the country near it was rolling hill land. In the downpour of rain, which was by this time well on, "Pike" succeeded in getting the noble leaders of the drove stampeded in the right direction. The rest followed with surprising readiness. So on they rushed. Pike, in getting them started, had failed to get out of their path and in trying to get out he had almost lost his life, for the brave horse he was riding almost lost his footing. This would have meant certain death. "Pike" was experienced enough with cattle to know that the best thing he could do was to ride with the herd, and not try to get out till it stopped. On he rode in that fear-crazed herd of cattle. "Pike" could never tell how he kept to his saddle in the darkness and downpour of rain and hail, nor how long it took them to reach shelter. The first he knew was when he awoke from a stupor, (caused by the hail cuts), to find the boys helping him out of the saddle.

The cowboys had not been in the direct path of the storm, but while it raged they had kept under shelter, speculating as to where they would find "Pike". Not once did they think of the cliff and its protection from an eastern storm.

"Foolish boy," said one, "seems to me he'd have known better, for there was nothing he could possibly do for the cattle."

After about two hours, when the storm was practically over, the boys started out on their ponies. By the time they reached the divide where they had last seen "Pike" the air was so clear that they could see a long way, but no trace of cattle or cowboy did they see. They decided that the best thing to do would be to divide their band into three parts, each part taking a certain locality to scout, and when the discovery of the lost was made, one of the boys should ride to the divide and blow a horn which they left there, to call the others. One division went up the creek to the head of it, one toward the mouth and the third went west. They did not consider it necessary to send a division east for it was very likely the storm had either driven the lost ahead of it or to the north or south. It was not long until the divisions to the north and west heard the sound of the bugle, for the division to the south, of course, first made the find.

The south division had not yet found "Pike" when the other boys reached the scene. They had found the cattle in such a mad and enraged spirit that they did not dare enter single handed. As soon

as all the boys were there, however, they began to penetrate into the midst of the band. They had gone some distance when Jake saw (through the dust) the noble horse and rider out of reach of the cattle on a ledge of rock some distance from the ground. The horse had evidently leaped to this height in seeking safety from the storm and sea of horns which were ready at a moment's notice to gore the life from anyone that was in their way. When they found him, "Pike" was leaning forward in the saddle and tightly holding to the pony's mane. His hands and face were covered with blood, from the effects of the hail cuts. The hail had come with such force that there were even holes in the thinner part of his hat. As to the poor horse, it was a wretched-appearing animal. The hail had taken effect on the brave little horse as well as the rider, and the consequence was that the loss of blood from the hail cuts caused the death of the noble beast. The cowboys were unable to get the pony down from the height it had so mysteriously reached, and although they took the best of care of it for weeks, it finally died.

It took some time for the boys to realize the true heroism of "Pike," but when they saw him for the first time after his confinement to his bed from the effects of his trip, they greeted him warmly and seemed to realize at last that he was their equal.

Thus "Pike's" hope was fulfilled and he enjoyed the true friendship of the boys. From then he answered to the name of "Pike, the Brave," in not only that locality, but for miles away.

## School Notes

At a meeting of the Seniors held the 2d of March Roy Vitousek was elected treasurer.

On one evening during the latter part of February, the moving picture show of Riddle & Russell was operated for the benefit for the Senior class. About twenty four dollars was netted.

County Superintendent DeWitt Montgomery visited school recently.

Gertrude Bush '09 has left school and is at present bookkeeper in her father's store in East Oakland.

Stella Lufkin is visiting in Sacramento.

Rachel Fisher spent a few days this month visiting in Oakland.

The Geometry and German classes assemble at

8:20 in the morning and so are dismissed earlier in the afternoon.

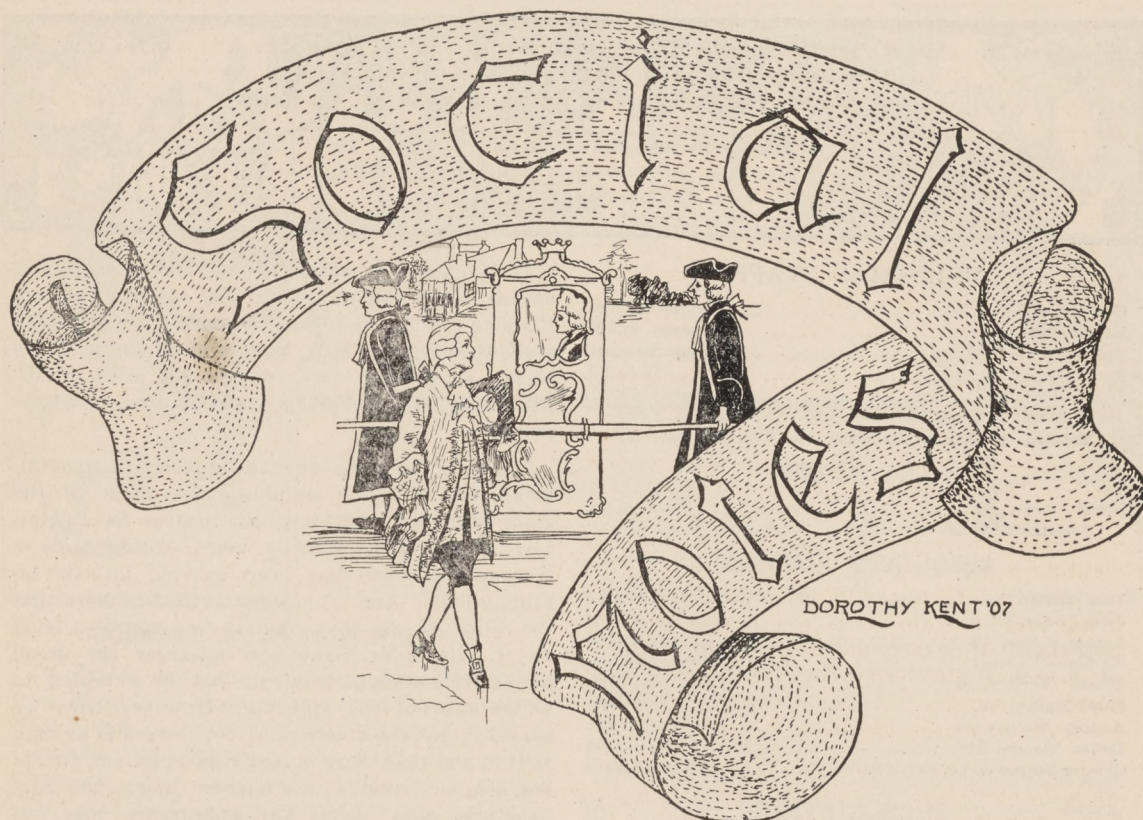
A farewell party was tendered Gertrude Bush March 5th.

The Juniors were entertained on Friday evening, February 28th, at the home of Crystal Gallaway.

The group pictures of the high school student body and of the individual classes, taken March 10th, proved to be quite good.

On Sunday, March 15th, a crowd of students with a few friends, enjoyed a delightful picnic on Fitch Mountain.

The Sophomores are busy preparing for their edition of the Sotoyoman.



On Thursday evening, March 5th, Helen Jones tendered Gertrude Bush a farewell dinner at her home on Center street. The dining room was beautifully decorated in yellow crepe paper, China lilies and ferns. A three-course luncheon was served, and Marguerite Fisher and Beulah Jones waited upon the table.

Those present were: Jessie Boss, Gertrude Bush, Kathleen Swisher, Bera Mothorn, Audry Walters, Addie Crispin, Beth Fox, Una Williams, Theo Brown, Helen Young and Helen Jones.

The Junior class was entertained at the home of Crystal Gallaway '09, on Center street, Friday evening, February 28th. The decorations were

very elaborate, many schemes having been carried out in blue and gold, the class colors. Fortune telling, music and games were indulged in until a late hour, when a dainty repast was served.

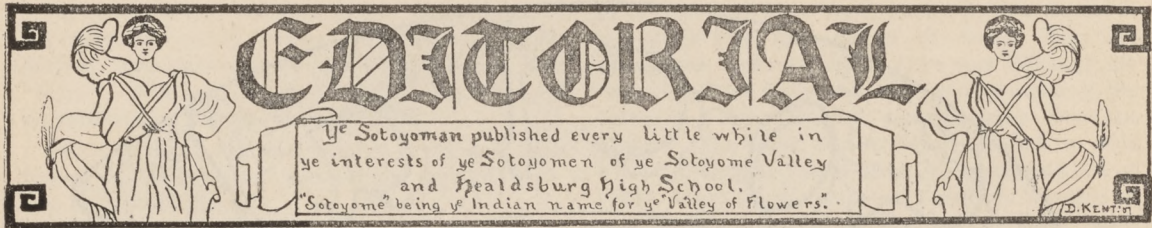
At a late hour, the following bade their hostess good night, hoping to attend another such enjoyable party in the future: Crystal Gallaway, Beth Fox, Una Williams, Helen Young, Grace Butler, Gertrude Field, Edith Passalacqua, Pearl Newland, Ed Beeson, Frank McClish, Fred Young, Homer Coolidge, Renaldo Jeffrey, Harry Madeira, John Fisher, Carroll Waterman, Melville McDonough, Jirah Luce, Edwin Kent, David Grove, Merrill Miller of Seattle, and Elton Merrifield of San Francisco.

Miss L. to H. M. in Latin class—"Translate the next sentence, Helen".

H. M. dreamily—"I am about to love". We wonder if the Freshies are going to take advantage of leap year.

Miss M.—2nd year English—"Geneva, use your imagination and explain why 'The post looked like an old man with loose-flung coat.'"

Geneva '10—"Gee! I don't know; I am imagining to beat the band."



### EDITORIAL STAFF

Constance Cooke, '08.....Editor-in-Chief  
 Hettie Kent, '08.....Assistant Editor  
 Dallas Wagers, '08.....Business Manager  
 Fred Young, '09.....Assistant  
 Jessie Boss, '08.....Literary Editor  
 Assistant Literary Editors: Addie Crispin, '08; Bera Mothorn, '10; Carroll Waterman, '09; Vera Nelligan, '11.

### ART STAFF

David Grove, '09.....Staff Artist  
 Assistants: Genevieve Gladden, '11; Bertha Meyer, '09.

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Theo Brown, '08.....Alumni  
 John Fisher, '09.....Joshes  
 Rachel Fisher, '08.....Social  
 Kathleen Swisher, '10.....Girls' Athletics  
 Homer Coolidge, '09.....Boys' Athletics  
 Floyd Bailey, '08.....Senate  
 Audrey Walters, '09.....School Notes  
 Dallas Wagers, '08.....Exchanges  
 Chester Ferguson, '10, Floyd Bailey, '08.....Organizations

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### HOME

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw;  
 And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

—Goldsmith.

The Sophomore edition of the Sotoyoman will appear next month. With the class president, Blanche Prunty, as editor, assisted by a wideawake staff, this number bids fair to excel any previous issue. An artistic cover design, the work of Lillian Grove, will add much to the appearance of the paper.

The time has come when the students, in general, await with fear and trembling the advent of the state examiner. Oh! how our hearts have palpitated once or twice already, when, unexpectedly, a strange gentleman has been ushered into the assembly hall! And oh! what a relief to learn that the cause of all that anxiety was merely a book agent. Could Mr. Examiner but know the dread he inspires, perhaps he would not be so willing to be the guest of the students. However, when we consider that the standard of our school is as high as it is and that there is really no cause for worrying, why not receive in a friendly spirit, the first examiner who makes his appearance into our midst. Let us cease to consider him as a stern invader who comes suddenly into our ranks uninvited.

The Seniors wish, through the columns of the Sotoyoman, to extend a hearty vote of thanks to the moving picture show company, Riddle and Russell, for the use of their place of business one evening in February. The sum of twenty-four dollars was realized and the Seniors consider this as almost a gift from the company itself. They wish, too, to thank their many friends who attended the evening's entertainment and helped to bring about its success.

On Thursday afternoon, March 5th, we had the pleasure of a visit from our County Superintendent of Schools, DeWitt Montgomery. This was Mr. Montgomery's first visit to our school, which, though short, was much appreciated.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—G. D. Boardman.



### Athletic Staff

Boys' Athletics . . . Homer Coolidge, '09  
Girls' Athletics . . . Kathleen Swisher, '10

#### COGSWELL 9— HEALDSBURG 18.

On Friday morning, February 21st, the Healdsburg Basketball team journeyed to San Francisco, where they were to play with the girls' team of Cogswell High School at the auditorium on that afternoon. The game was called at 2 o'clock sharp, and the first half ended 12 to 3 in our favor. In the second half, Cogswell braced up and played a better game, scoring six points, but our girls were equal to the occasion and made the same number, the game ending in our favor 18—9. It was a most exciting game from start to finish and the girls deserve a lot of credit as they played a splendid game and on a strange court. The team returned Sunday evening and enough cannot be said of the treatment accorded us during our stay in San Francisco. We were entertained royally by the Cogswell girls; parties, luncheons, auto rides and a dance, being among the pleasures given us. The line-up was as follows:

Cogswell—Goalers, Vivian Fox, Alma Bennington; Guards, McVickar Tibbits, Ernestine Brown; Centers, Marguerite Doolittle, Sadie Foster and Mary Frye.

Healdsburg—Goalers, Crystal Gallaway, Kathleen Swisher; Guards, Audrey Walters, Bera Mot-horn; Centers, Una Williams, Gertrude Field and Elva Beeson.

Besides the players, other friends of the girls accompanied them from Healdsburg, and Mrs. J. R. Swisher acted as chaperone.

#### HEALDSBURG 50 — ALAMEDA 2

On March 6th the Alameda girls played here with us and were defeated, as the above score shows. The game was not as interesting or as fast as our contests usually are, but it was enjoyed by the large audience that attended. The visitors were very unfortunate in having two or three new players with them, and we hope that in their future games they will not lose by such a score. The girls remained with us until Saturday afternoon and we entertained them with a dance, drives and other amusements. We expect to play them again in April. The line-up was: Alameda—Goalers, Nita Diamond (Captain), Martha Dordunker; Guards, Silva Strauss, (Gertrude Johnson), Vera Howard; Centers, Irene Wood, Ethel Murray and Constance Mulvaney. Healdsburg—Goalers, Crystal Gallaway, (Audrey Butler) Kathleen Swisher; Guards, Bera Mothorn, Audry Walters; Centers, Una Williams, (touch) Gertrude Field, Gertrude Long, (Elva Beeson).

#### FIELD DAY

The Field Day held Saturday, March 7th, on Luce's race course, the Freshmen-Sophomore team

(Continued on page 15)



# EXCHANGE NOTES.

We regret very much at having to make the same appeal every month for better response. We send out fifty exchanges and receive about five. There must be something wrong, as we received many more last year than now.

The "Oracle", from Oakdale, California, is our best exchange this month. You certainly have a paper that would be a credit to any school. We hope to receive all future issues.

The exchange column of the "Dictum Est" is certainly a fine one. Your paper is very good excepting a total lack of cuts. We would suggest some department cuts.

The "Oak," from Visalia, is a good paper. You have an attractive cover, and a good literary department. We would suggest that you keep your joshes out of your exchange column. Keep all your departments together as much as possible.

The last issue of the "Alert" is an improvement over the former ones. The story entitled the "Shaker" is well written. We are glad to hear of the interest taken this year in athletics, and wish you success.

The "Elm" of the San Mateo Union High School is among our best exchanges this month. You have a very good paper; each department in itself is well carried out. The cover is odd and very attractive.

The Saint Valentine number of the "Porcupine," Santa Rosa, came to our table this month. The story entitled, "The Senior Bench", is worthy of mention. Don't you think, though, that it would improve the looks of your paper not to mix the ads through it?

"Sequoia", you have some very attractive cuts,

and a fine literary department. We hope to receive all future issues.

We received the January number of the "Bitter Root" and you are certainly welcome. You have a paper to be proud of. The large literary department shows that you certainly have good support.

"Wallace World", although you are small, you have some fine cuts and an excellent exchange column.

From Greenfield High School comes the "Dragon". The continued story entitled, "Red Blood Symbol" is fine, and we hope to receive the continuance of it. But where is your exchange column?

"Wah Hoo", you have a fine large paper. Your stories are good.

Although most of our exchanges come many miles, nevertheless, we enjoy those near to us. "Collegian" from Pacific Union College, your paper is above all former issues we have received. We would suggest a few cuts, though.

The "Sophomore" number from Eugene High School is one of our best exchanges. The Sophomores certainly made a success of their publication.

The story entitled "Anna's Christmas Dinner," in the "Manzanita" is well written. Your paper is small but nevertheless interesting.

"Ingot," where is your exchange column? We would suggest that you put in some department cuts, as they add very much to the looks of a paper. Your paper is well arranged and interesting. Come again.

"Omnigraph", we welcome you to our table this month as one of our new exchanges. You have a good little paper. We hope to receive all of your future issues.

## A Shipwreck

ISABEL CARTER, '11

The night was calm and quiet and the passengers on board the steamer "Wilhelm" were happy in the thought that on the morrow they would at last arrive in New York.

As the morning dawned, however, a dense fog arose and the officers wore anxious faces. So dense was the fog that nothing close at hand could be seen. Suddenly there came a loud crash and the terrified passengers knew that the ship had struck rocks and was doomed to destruction. To add to the horror of the situation, the vessel was soon enveloped in flames and many perished. Life boats were used as swiftly as possible and some escaped from the flames.

Into one of these boats Mr. St. Clair put his wife and baby, Marie, and tried to keep them alive, but the small boat was overturned by the force of the waves. Mr. St. Clair grasped Marie and clung to a piece of floating wood, but Mrs. St. Clair was carried by the waves in another direction. She was rescued before long by a passing vessel and reached New York safely. Mr. St. Clair, too, was picked up, but was so sick and exhausted that he soon died and little Marie was left alone.

One of the passengers on the boat which rescued Mr. St. Clair was a wealthy woman whose home was in Chicago. She took Marie, who was afterwards known as Hetty Green, and raised her with motherly care and pride.

When, at an early age, Hetty showed signs of possessing a beautiful voice, Mrs. Green took her

to Paris and secured for her the best possible instructors. Hetty's voice was indeed beautiful and the pleasure of hearing her sing well repaid Mrs. Green for her care and thoughtfulness.

Upon their return to America, Hetty was asked to sing at a house party given by a New York woman. She readily consented, being always ready to give pleasure to others, and devoid of any sense of self importance or vanity.

At this musicale there was a sad eyed woman, who seemed to feel no interest in any of the many parts of the program, but sat with a listless, unsatisfied expression upon her face. When Hetty appeared, however, she gazed longingly at her, and the listless expression gave way to one of eager longing and intense emotion. This woman was Mrs. St. Clair, who had searched for many weary years without finding any trace of her husband or child.

Hetty began to sing and Mrs. St. Clair listened breathlessly, a sense of wonder, almost of belief, gradually coming over her. When the song ended, she rushed to Hetty and in tears of joy and thankfulness told her story. Everyone felt assured at its conclusion, that Hetty was Mrs. St. Clair's child and a happy reunion was witnessed.

Mrs. Green was unwilling to give Hetty—or Marie—up entirely, so the three lived together. Marie says, "What a fortunate girl I am, to have two mothers."



## The Debating Club

Although our debating society is progressing, it is but slowly. This is due almost entirely to the lack of interest and enthusiasm prevailing among the members. If one belongs to a debating society they are at least expected to do their best when

called upon by the committee.

On January 9th, 1908, a call meeting was held for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee upon the question chosen for a debate. The Chairman's report was as follows: "Resolved:

(Continued on page 17)

## H. H. S. ALUMNI

Prudenia Lewis is teaching in the Guerneville school.

Ella Bartlett has returned to her studies at San Francisco Normal.

Albert Price of '96, is fireman on a train running between San Jose and the city.

Alta Richardson of '01 is teaching near Santa Rosa, near Bennett Valley.

Miss Ida Waterman, '04, is Vice Principal of the Sonoma school.

Daisy Richardson entertained a number of her friends at a whist party last month.

Miss Ethel White of '05 has taken up duties in the Felta school.

Milton Luce, a graduate of the class of '05, and now a member of U. C., enjoyed a short vacation with friends and relatives here last month.

Miss Alice Haigh of '95 visited her parents in Healdsburg last month.

Miss Leota Wilcox of '04 was a visitor in Healdsburg last month.

Mrs. C. Simi (Janey Passalacqua, '93) is now living in Oakland.

Mabel Phillips is teaching at Volta, Merced county.

Chas. Widlund, '06, is employed near Fulton with a surveying party.

Grace Wilcox, '93 (Mrs. Grace Bond), is teaching at San Jose, where she holds a creditable position.

People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust everyone, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even when there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than to condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them.—Fredrika Bremer.

Teacher—"What do we mean by 'lover' here?"

M. Mc. '09—"I don't know, I've never been there."

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—Lavater.

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# THE SOTOYOMAN

## ATHLETICS

15

(Continued from page 11)

versus the Cloverdale High aggregation, served as an eye-opener to the upper classmen of the local High School, as well as to the people of Healdsburg. It has been prophesied again and again that Healdsburg High will suffer sudden downfall in track and field athletics as soon as class '09 graduates. And as a matter of fact the future success of the local High on the track did look doubtful in the extreme. Those, however, who saw the future success of our High Schools in this light were given

a pleasant surprise when the Freshies and Sophs defeated the fast aggregation of orange eaters from Cloverdale, with the overwhelming score of 61 to their 35. No special credit can be given to any individual, it must be given to the whole team, for the victory was theirs from start to finish. But it may be said that three of the most promising athletes in the Healdsburg High are: George Cummings, Casey Brarnum and Will Gilger.



## Additional Alumni Notes

Miss Sarah Grove, '05, is teaching near Stewart's Point.

Bert McDonough, '07, who has been employed in a large firm in San Francisco, was home visiting relatives and friends a short time ago.

Miss Annie Amesbury of '91, who has been teaching in Berkeley for several years, is home on account of sickness.

Miss Lenore Redding of '95 was home recently for a short vacation.

Miss Jessie Skee of '07 recently returned from a two weeks' visit in San Francisco.

Miss Ethel Silberstein of '04 has been visiting in San Francisco for several weeks.

Mrs. Marion Grant of '96 now holds a responsible position as stenographer in Santa Rosa.

Mrs. May Barham of '95 has accepted a school in Cloverdale.

M. D. Silberstein had the misfortune of having his motor cycle burn up recently.

Miss Ethel Woods of '05 has accepted a position as clerk in Ruddick's Bakery.

Mrs. Charles Cake, 04, of San Rafael, visited relatives here a few days the first of the month.

Henry Coffman, 05, has re-entered Stanford.

Gertrude Coffman, 07, who recently entered school in Philadelphia, has been compelled to discontinue some of the work on account of illness, and is taking a course in music.

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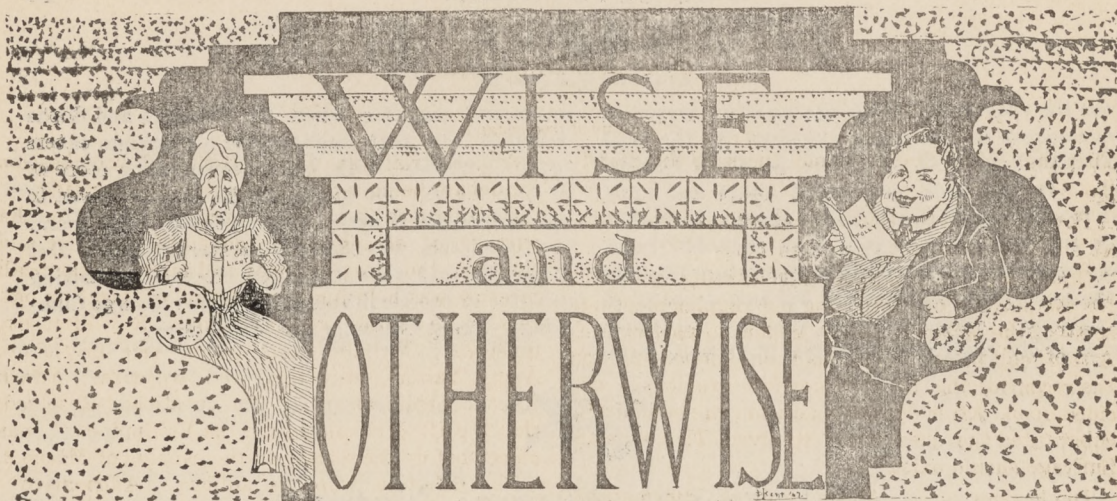
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Teachee, teachee, all day teachee;

Night mark papers, nerves creepe.

No one kissee, no one hugee—

Poor old maiden, no one lovee. Exchange.

An industrious student to an idler: "You'd better look out, or you'll get a petrified gaze on you."

Go to father, she said, when I asked her to wed, and she knew that I knew that her father was dead; and she knew that I knew what a life he had led, and she knew that I knew what she meant when she said go to father.

T. B. to H. A. '08—"Ernest—" We wonder why she made this mistake.

C. W. and E. G. visited Koberg's January 27th. As E. G. went in and C. W. didn't, we wonder if the lady has to buy the ring on leap year.

Mr. H.—"Are you having a good time, Jessie?"

J. B.—"Yes, fine, Mr. Hinchey."

Miss M. wishes to know what Blanche's last name is. Can any one answer this doubtful question for her?

Miss M.—to L. B.—"Compare the adjective round.

L. B.—"Round, rounder, roundest."

Miss M.—to Freshman—"What is lyric poetry?"

Freshman—"Poetry accompanied by a lyre."

Miss M.—"The smoke was coming out of the chimney. Now, what did that show?"

R. J. '09—"That there was a fire in the stove."

H. A.—to Dolphy—"Say, Dolphy, can you work algebra?"

Dolphy—"No, but I can work Ditch."

H. M. '09—"You said the flocks were grazing, and that the ground was ploughed. Now how could they graze on ploughed ground?"

Mr. H.—"Jessie, isn't this your typewriting period?"

Jessie B.—"No, I gave up my period to another boy."

C. G. '09. (On receiving her report card) Oh! this looks like a ham sandwich." C at the top, c at the bottom, and p in the middle".

Has C. H. '10 found a sweetheart yet? Ask E. B. '11, she knows.

Mr. H.—Una you and Hurwood have got a little mixed up in your seats, haven't you? You had better get where you belong?"

My pen is bad,

My ink is pale,

But to write an excuse,

I will not fail.

Excuse Lavergne

The truth I'll tell—

Her tooth was sawed,

He sawed it well.

## The Debating Club

(Continued from page 11)

That the United States should increase the Standing Army."

The leaders were, Edwin Kent, affirmative, Roy Vitousek, negative.

On January 14, a second call meeting was held for the purpose of postponing our regular meeting, some of the debaters being unable to participate. A third call meeting was held on January 21, for the reconsidering of the question previously decided upon. After due consideration the committee substituted the question: "Resolved, That Woman Suffrage should exist."

The leaders were, Audry Walters, affirmative, Melville McDonough, negative.

At the next regular meeting held on January 23, but few were able to attend, owing to the conditions of the weather. Among those unable to attend were a number of the debaters. It was therefore necessary for the debate to be postponed.

A mock trial was duly substituted, the question for debate being left over for the next meeting.

On February 3 a call meeting was held for the purpose of arranging the debaters, question and time for the next debate; and later another call meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers. The results were as follows: Roy Vitousek, president; Melville McDonough, vice president; Audry Walters, secretary and treasurer; Edwin Kent, sergeant at arms. The question, "Resolved, that the U. S. should retain the Philippines," was placed before the society on the evening of March 2.

The debaters were as follows: Affirmative—Melville McDonough, Dallas Wagers, Kathleen Swisher. Negative—Floyd Bailey, Edwin Kent, Homer Coolidge. After an interesting and able debate the question was left open for general discussion, while the judges rendered their decisions.

The affirmative won, the judges agreeing unanimously in favor of that side.

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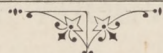
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